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New Year.

CLEARLY, sweetly, o'er the snow-bound plain
Wafted o'er the softened winter's blast:

Silv'ry peals of parting year, the last,

Wa'kning mem'ry's harsh or pleasing strain.

Mildly o'er the soul bent low in pain

Glide beams of hope—the veil of sorrows past;

Gently o'er the heart in evil cast

Steals a note of Eden's pure refrain.

Lo! the New Year's treasure-laden dawn

O'er cottage lowly and o'er castle proud,

O'er white-capped mount, o'er frost-encircled lawn,

A golden car, o'er spread with hazy shroud;

Its jeweled freight by Time's dark chargers drawn,

To men unpriced, to God a passing cloud.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

A Christmas Eve at the Homestead.

IN the central part of Long Island, where woodland and plains blend in high grass and low shrubbery, where murmuring rivulets glide, and red-winged blackbirds hold chattering convocations, there stand very ancient mansions, monuments of the first English and Dutch pioneers.

Here still linger the names of the Ludlums and Huntingtons, of the Van Sicklens, Van Vrankens, and Van Lusens. The old piles are mostly square, two-storied, and devoid of lengthy piazzas, kitchens, and shapeless additions. They are "shingled all over," and on one side may still be seen the stones or bricks of an old fireplace. The rooms are spacious, their ceilings high, and their windows broad. They are doubtless modeled according to the old homesteads of England and Holland. Some have endured as many winters as the Washington Elm, have seen the Republic rise and expand like the wide-spreading catalpa trees before their doors, and hence are linked with many interesting traditions; either with the spectre stories of the Dutch, or hair-raising hobgoblin legends of the mother country. Some have held personages of renown, such as George Washington, and most of them were pillaged by British foragers. They—

"Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

A happy, one-minded family of five, called Treacy, dwells in one of these ancient mansions. John Treacy is just passing the summer of life. He is of an open, sympathetic disposition, and wears a countenance revealing his benevolence of heart. His wife, a woman of good education, is his equal in love and kindness towards their three children. These are Hilda, a

blooming girl of fifteen; Katie, a restless, but true-hearted romp of twelve; and Eddie, a lad promising to be the exact counterpart of his father.

On a Christmas eve, some five years ago, the children were again gathered in one of the big rooms. A stately young pine had been placed there to await the glittering decorations and capricious profusion of goodies that Santa Claus would bestow. They were chatting merrily, sometimes over the fate of the "last year's" dolls and steam engines, then whispering with covered mouth and artful look of the things that might come "this Christmas."

Their father watched their frolicsome endearments from his armchair for some time, drawing long puffs of smoke from his old pipe, but suddenly his expression grew serious, and he seemed to be thinking of another subject. Finally he said:

"Hilda, get grandma's old legends for me, please; we'll be lonesome till mamma comes home, for she seems to be out long tonight, buying things."

"But, papa," said Hilda, as she obeyed, "may I ask why you wish to read in that old story book tonight; why, it's fully a year since I saw you with that last." I'd rather have you tell us what you saw in the city the other day, when —"

"No, no," piped Eddie, before Katie could finish; "take the old book, papa, and tell us an old story."

"Well, my dearies," said the father, "I suppose, I ought to tell you a story, and since we are discussing this old book, I'll continue the discussion, that is to say, I'll tell you a story about the old book itself, eh?"

"Hurrah!" cried Eddie, amid the "do so's" of his sisters. Then his father related the following:

"This old homestead was originally the home of a stanch old patriot, named Lot Van de Water. In the battle of Richmond Hills he and his two sons, all ex-

cellent marksmen, were killed. They were of that number which Washington so piteously bewailed when he saw them fall: 'My God! My God! What brave men must I lose today!' he is said to have exclaimed on that occasion.

"This, their home, was also pillaged at that time by the British, who killed the mistress, scattered the slaves, and led away the finest horses. An only daughter was left alone. She, however, through excessive pining over the terrible disruption of the family, became a peevish, intolerable old maid. She lost all friends and, by and by, all slaves. At last she was entirely alone, abandoned, and even despised. Then it was that grandma accidentally met her. Grandma, being a poor immigrant, was forced to go 'living out,' as they call it, and it was thus, while seeking a suitable situation, that she made her acquaintance. At first she was reluctant to remain with her, but finally was moved by charity to assist the poor, old 'Aunt Sarah,' as Grandma styled her, in her helplessness.

"Grandma had her troubles with the eccentric lady, but her Christian resignation and submissiveness gradually won the old woman's heart.

"After several years of faithful service on the part of Grandma, old 'Aunt Sarah' died. She had bequeathed the old homestead to grandma, to her great joy and delight; but what amused grandma most was the express desire of old Aunt Sarah to preserve this old book carefully; for, said she, it would reveal to her a wonderful secret some day.

"One Christmas Eve grandma was reading in this book, when she turned upon a page having an earmark. As she wondered to what passage the mark might refer, she noticed an arrow-head drawn at the tip of the ear, while the tip itself was placed exactly over the word *look*, which was heavily stroked. This strange

coincidence of mark, word, and stroke, impressed her rather forcibly, and more so, because she was at once reminded of the old aunt's prediction. She at once began to investigate. Grandma had noticed other similar marks before, and now she sought them out. After a diligent search she found three more. They pointed to the words *in, the, fire*, which were, however, without strokes. Grandma was now disappointed, for though she prided herself on her analytical skill, yet her discoveries led to nothing sensible, and she had, after all, found no clue. Resuming search, after a little while, however, she met with success, for her eye detected a small ear turned from the bottom of the page upwards to the last word of that page. Now the secret was out. Forming the words to which each leaf tip had pointed into a sentence, it read: 'Look into the fireplace.'

"I cannot describe to you grandma's feelings upon this discovery. She alone, were she living, could tell you best how her heart beat fast, and how her mind was bewildered with the thoughts of what might be hidden in that spot. Grandma did not await the morning's light, but took a candle and proceeded to the long-forgotten fireplace, which was built into the wall at the western end of the house. It was filled with rubbish, but this she removed quickly.

"Having found nothing thus far, she swept the sand floor underneath thoroughly, and to her greatest surprise saw the object of her search. There, buried in the sand to the lid, stuck a small, iron chest. She dug it up with some difficulty, for it proved to be quite heavy. It was long, flat, and securely fastened with bolts. There being no locks, except the iron crossbars, grandma quickly opened it, and behold, a treasure of great value lay before her.

" 'There flashed upward,' she used to say, 'a glow and a glare' from a confused heap of gold and spar-

bling gems. Thousands of dollars' worth of English guineas, and coins very ancient, and such as she had never seen before, now flashed in the candle light. There were even some precious stones amongst them, of which grandma picked out some very large and shining ones. She found, moreover, a small box containing rings and earrings of various ancient designs, and of the purest gold; also two golden chains and several bracelets, and a beautiful necklace of pearl. These were the treasures that this old book revealed to grandma on a Christmas Eve. What they were worth, and how she used them, I'll relate to you when you get older, dear children. I can tell you, however, what she did the next day.

"Grandma was living far away from a Catholic church then. The nearest church was at Morristown, and when she drove there next morning, she took some of the precious stones along with her, and after the people had left the church, she dropped them into the alms-box by the crib, as a token of gratitude to the Child Jesus, who had so singularly blessed her that Christmas Eve."

"Do you still wonder, Hilda, why I take down the old story book on Christmas Eve?" continued the father after a pause.

"No, indeed," replied Hilda; "it's certainly worth cherishing."

"How good of grandma to be so mindful of the poor in her good fortune," thought Katie.

"Didn't grandma find any gold watches in the chest?" inquired Eddie, roguishly.

"No, Eddie; but perhaps Santa Claus will bring you one tonight, if he remembers grandma's—"

"Here comes mamma," shouted Eddie, so loud as to drown his father's words. There was a shuffle of

feet at the door, and the next moment their mother entered, preceded by Fido, the watchdog.

Santa Claus did bring a gold watch for Eddie that evening, with several other presents for him and his sisters.

RAYMOND RATH, '06.

The Dying Year.

FULL in his glowing splendors dight
Lay the dying year;
Away in eternal space have sped
The hours that brought him there.

Alone, alone! none else beside!
Alone he breathed his last:
The autumn wind his parting sung.
His dirge, the winter blast.

Under the leaves, and under the snow,
To eternal sleep he lay;
His hoary locks in flowing folds,
Around his temples play.

Sleep—sleep on! mid whirling leaves,
That round thy body dance—
Proud monarch of a faded crown,
How cold and chill thy glance!

Fearful darkness palled the sky,
While swept the fatal storm;
And naked woods aghast did stand,
As death crept o'er thy form.

And e'er and anon, on the sighing winds,
There steals thy dying groan;
I hear the forest pining loud,
And the rocks give back thy moan.

"Ah, thou art gone not to return!
Thy fleeting frowns, thy cloying glees,
Thy measured beat, thy hopes and fears,
Gone, gone upon the passing breeze!"

M. BODINE, '05.

Schiller's "Das Lied von der Glocke."

TO the student of German literature, Schiller is known as a master mind. Nearly every one of his works bears the impress of a strong and vigorous intellect, grand in the conception and execution of his literary projects.

Among the noblest creations of his genius, and unique in the literature of all nations, stands his wonderful "Lay of the Bell." No other poem of equal compass, it is said, touches the human heart so profoundly. It is not a single bell, tolling full and sweet, but a grand cathedral chimes which stirs the heart to its depths. I will venture a few words about the significance and poetic beauties of this great poem.

"Das Lied von der Glocke" is termed a lyrical drama by German authors, but it seems more correct to me to call it a dramatic lyric. A wonderful lyric it is, surely, expressive of the sweetest, deepest and most varying emotions, and full of the most melodious charms that can thrill and captivate; but it is so dramatic in its action, so replete with description of stirring scenes, that it may well be called a drama.

And such it is—a drama of life. To an explanation of the successive stages of the casting and founding of a bell, which the master of the foundry gives, the poet appends, in a changed metre; his wonderful descriptions of the events in man's life, together with his reflections on them. It is, as it were, a series of tableaux, vividly portrayed, and announced by the tolling of a bell.

Hence the deep significance of the poem. The first scenes deal with youth, the joys of a happy family life, misfortune, and death. Then follow scenes from

public life, peace and contentment, rebellion and dissolution of all social and moral order. Above all terrestrial storms and vicissitudes, however, reigns supreme and unchangeable heaven's first law—divine order, of which the bell, placed on high, is the warning voice.

The truths inculcated in the deeply significant remarks of the master of the foundry, and in the reflections upon life and life's duties are unobjectionable from a Christian point of view, with the single exception that the author seems to substitute Fate for Divine Providence. This much cannot be said of Schiller's works in general. Though he was fortunate to receive a deeply religious training, he drifted away from Christianity, professing in its stead a broad humanitarianism. It is true, his sympathies returned to positive religion in his riper years, but his faith was never fully rekindled. In his storm and stress period he became also a foe to constituted civil authority, but when he wrote the "Gloke," his youthful ardors had been cooled.

"Das Lied von der Glocke" is a grand panegyric on law and order, and the domestic and civil virtues. Grand it is, indeed, combining elevation of thought with dignity and elegance of expression. Schiller was a wizard of language. The lines flow with refreshing spontaneity, changing with the change of theme, seemingly untrammelled by any rules of metre or rhyme. The German language, it is true, is rich in rhymes, and of great flexibility, but we nevertheless admire the skill of the poet that can handle it with such effect. Musical flow is the prime characteristic of all the lines; musical and melodious are the individual words as they fall upon our ear. They are so effectively wedded to sound and sense that they move along in one grand, harmonious symphony.

Schiller had conceived the idea of the Glocke many years before he put pen to paper. He let it grow in his mind upon the advice of Goethe, who said that "a bell has a better sound, if the metal remains in the smelter until it is purged of all dross." This was truly said. When it did flow from the furnace of the brain, it produced a bell which rings true and full.

Significant is the superscription, which Schiller found engraven on the large bell in the Cathedral of Schaffhausen :

"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango."

We gladly availed ourselves of a translation of this inspiring lyric, which, though imperfect, will give the reader an idea of its sublimity. With each German stanza quoted, the English translation will be subjoined.

The opening lines, in which the master of the foundry instructs his workmen, are very beautiful. Their terse, almost epigrammatic form, gives them a force and subtle power which is irresistible.

"Fest gemauert in der Erden
Steht die Form aus Lehm gebrannt.
Heute muss die Glocke werden!
Frisch, Gesellen, seid zur Hand!
Von der Stirne heiss
Rinnen muss der Schweiss,
Soll das Werk den Meister loben;
Doch der Segen kommt von oben."

"Fast, in its prison walls of earth,
Awaits the mould of baked clay.
Up, comrades, and aid the birth—
The Bell that shall be born today!
But with sweat and with pain
Can we honor obtain,
And prove that we master the art we profess;
With man be the effort, with Heav'n the success!"

The bell is a voice from above, one of joy and warning. Its mission is one of peace and concord among men. It is therefore invested with peculiar power and charm, and cast with religious care and ceremony.

“Was in des Dammes tiefer Grube
Die Hand mit Feuers Hilfe baut,
Hoch auf des Turmes Glockenstube,
Da wird es von uns zeugen laut.
Noch dauern wird's in spaeten Tagen
Und ruehren vieler Menschen Ohr,
Und wird mit dem Betruebten klagen
Und stimmen zu der Andacht Chor.”

“Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire moulding thus,
In yonder airy tower shall dwell,
And witness wide and far of Us!
It shall, in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion;
Its solemn voice, with Sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to Devotion.”

With the birth of the child, the significant mission of the bell begins. Its joyous peals hail and welcome it into the loving fold of the Church, to baptism.

“Mit der Freude Feierklänge
Begruesst sie das geliebte Kind
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt;
Ihm ruhen noch im Zeitenschosse
Die schwarzen und die heitern Lose;
Der Mutterliebe zarte Sorgen
Bewachen seinen goldnen Morgen.”—

“Voice, with merry music rife,
The cherish'd child shall welcome in;
What time the rosy dreams of life,
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning,
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning,
The Mother-Love's untiring care!”

The fusion of the metals forming the bell is admirably compared to the influences exercised upon the education of the child. Pure and precious the metals must be, and in harmonious proportion, from which is to issue forth the bell—the character, that it may have a tone ringing deep and musical.

“Auch vom Schaume rein
Muss die Mischung sein,
Dass vom reinlichen Metalle
Rein und voll die Stimme schalle.”

“From the dross and scum,
Pure, the fusion must come;
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.”

But the boy bounds from his loving mother's arms. He roams through the world, measuring life's difficulties, choosing fleeting pleasures and illusive phantoms. Wearied at last, he returns a stranger to his native place. There he meets, woos and wins the fair maiden of his choice. All of which is told with vividness, yet modest simplicity of language.

“Lieblich in der Braute Locken
Spielt der jungfraeuliche Kranz,
Wenn die hellen Kirchenglocken
Laden zu des Festes Glanz.”

“Lovely thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love-feast clearly ringing,
Tolls the church-bell far and wide!”

The qualities that go to form a happy union he exhibits in a charming comparison with the mixture of the metals:

“Jetzt, Gesellen, frisch!
Prueft mir das Gemisch,
Ob das Sproede mit den Weichen
Sich vereint zum guten Zeichen

Denn wo das Strenge mit dem Zarten,
 Wo Starkes sich und Mildes paarten,
 Da gibt es einen guten Klang."

"Brisk, brisk now, and see
 If the fusion flow free;
 If—(happy and welcome indeed were the sign!)
 If the hard and the ductile united combine.
 For still when the strong is betrothed to the weak,
 And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
 Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and
 strong."

Therefore, in warning words:

"Drum pruefe, wer sich ewig bindet,
 Ob sich das Herz zum Herzen findet!
 Der Wahn is kurz, die Reu' ist lang."

"Oh, heed, oh heed well, ere forever united,
 That the heart to the heart flow in one, love-delighted:
 Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!"

Life is deeply significant, and the choice of a state of life demands great deliberation. The bell having once been cast with haste and inconsideration, is misshapen and continues to give a jarred and grating sound.

"Ach! des Lebens schoenste Feier
 Endigt auch den Lebensmai,
 Mit dem Guertel, mit dem Schleier
 Reisst der schoene Wahn entzwei.
 Die Leidenschaft flieht,
 Die Liebe muss bleiben;
 Die Blume verblueht,
 Die Frucht muss treiben."

"With that sweetest holyday,
 Must the May of life depart:
 With the spring of love—away
 Flies Illusion from the heart!
 Yet love must be cherished
 Though Passion be mute;
 If his blossoms be perished,
 They yield to the fruit."

Then follows a vivid description of home scenes. The whole is a brilliant panorama stretched out before us, upon which we gaze with mingled astonishment and emotion. At first it is a pleasing picture of the family, told in smoothly flowing numbers.

“Der Mann muss hinaus
In's feindliche Leben,
Muss wirken und streben
Und pflanzen und schaffen,
Erlisten, erraffen,
Muss wetten und wagen,
Das Glueck zu erjagen.”

“The husband must enter
The hostile life,
With struggle and strife,
To plant or to watch,
To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune!”

And the duties of the housewife:

“Und drinnen waltet
Die zuechtige Hausfrau,
Die Mutter der Kinder,
Und herrschet weise
Im haeuslichen Kreise,
Und lehret die Maedchen
Und wehret den Knaben,
Und reget ohn' Ende
Die fleissigen Haende
Und mehrt den Gewinn
Mit ordnendem Sinn.”

“Within sits another,
The thrifty housewife,
The mild one, the mother—
Her home is her life,
In its circle she rules,
And the daughters she schools.

And she cautions the boys,
 With a bustling command,
 And a diligent hand;
 Employ'd she employs;
 Safe order to store,
 And the much makes the more."

Happy are they in their wealth of peace and joy
 and earthly goods, and the husband:

"Rühmt sich mit stolzem Mund:
 Fest wie der Erde Grund;
 Gegen des Ungluecks Macht
 Steht mir des Hauses Pracht!"

"Proud the boast the proud lips breathe:
 'My house is built upon a rock
 And sees unmoved the stormy shock
 Of waves that beat below!'"

In strong contrast to this perfect peace and tranquility, the poet describes the pouring out of the molten metal into the mold, and the terrific consequences attending its escape, as compared with the wild passions of man. Its grand diction, less labored than Milton's, is most powerful and sublime in its effect. We see the fierce gleam and the hot, maddening rush of the fiery element, as it hursts its bounds, and licks with flaming and destroying tongue the works of man.

"Einher tritt auf der eignen Spur,
 Die freie Tochter der Natur.
 Wehe, wenn sie, losgelassen,
 Wachsend ohne Widerstand
 Durch die volkbelebten Gassen
 Waelzt den ungeheuren Brand!
 Denn die Elemente hassen
 Das Gebild der Menschenhand."

"When, where it listeth, wide and wild,
 Sweeps forth free Nature's free-born child!
 When the frantic one fleets,
 While no force can withstand.
 Through the populous streets

Whirling ghastly the brand;—
 For the elements hate
 What man's labors create
 And the works of his hand."

Powerless stands man before this superior force.
 The fruit of his life's labor is lost.

"Leergebrannt
 Ist die Staette,
 Wilder Stuerme rauhes Bette.
 In den oeden Fensterhoehlen
 Wohnt das Grauen
 Und des Himmels Wolken schauen
 Hoch hinein."

"Desolate
 The place, and dread;
 For storms the barren bed.
 In the blank voids that cheerful casements were,
 Comes to and fro the melancholy air,
 And sits Despair;
 And through the ruin, blackening in its shroud
 Peers, as it flits, the melancholy cloud."

With words of flowing and melodious vowels—
 wonderfully quieting and soothing, the poet depicts the
 cheerful resignation of the father. He turns away
 from the scene of destruction with a look of grief, but
 mans his heart and feels consoled to see his beloved
 ones safe.

But again the bell tolls sadly and solemnly when
 the faithful wife and mother is borne to the grave.

"Von dem Dome,
 Schwer und bang,
 Toent die Glocke
 Grabgesang.
 Ernst begleiten ihre Trauerschlaege
 Einen Wanderer auf dem letzten Wege."

After some touching and consoling lines on a
 blessed immortality and a happy reunion, he proceeds
 to treat of the public life.

“Heilige Ordnung, segensreiche
 Himmels Tochter, die das Gleiche
 Frei und licht und freudig bindet,
 Die der Staedte Bau begruendet,
 Die herein von den Gefilden
 Rief dem ungesell’gen Wilden,
 Eintrat in der Menschen Huetten.
 Sie gewoehnt zu sanften Sitten,
 Und das theuerste der Bande,
 Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!”

“Bliss—dower’d! O daughter of the skies,
 Hail, Holy ORDER, whose employ
 Blends like to like in light and joy—
 Builder of cities, who of old
 Call’d the wildman from waste and wold.
 And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
 Roused each familiar household feeling.
 And, best of all the happy ties,
 The center of the social band,—
 The instinct of the Fatherland!”

“Holder Friede,
 Suesse Eintracht.
 Weilet, weilet
 Freundlich ueber diese Stadt.”

“Long in the walls—long may we greet
 Your footfalls, Peace and Concord sweet!”

In the breaking of the mold, and the probable escape of the hot metal, the poet again describes with animation the baneful effects of fierce and uncontrolled passions, which seek an outlet in revolution and war.

“Der Meister kann die Form zerbrechen
 Mit weiser Hand zur rechten Zeit;
 Doch wehe wenn in Flammenbaechen
 Das gluehende Erz sich selbst befreit!
 Blindwuethend, mit des Donners Krachen
 Zersprengt es das geborstne Haus,
 Und wie aus offnem Hoellenrachen
 Sprueht es Verderben zuendend aus.
 Wo rohe Kraefte sinnlos walten,
 Da kann sich kein Gebild gestalten;

Wenn sich die Voelker selbst befreien,
Da kann die Wohlfahrt nicht gedeihen."

"To break the mould, the master may,
If skilled the hand and rife the hour;
But woe, when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour.
Frantic and blind with thunder knell,
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth, as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!
When rages strength that has no reason,
There breaks the mould before the season."

Every line is of such deep harmony and strength as to fit it for quotation.

The unrestrained passions of man wreak this terrible destruction. Blinded with his own frenzied strength, man rushes forth like a maddened demon, bursting all social bonds. The noble awe of shame has flown from the heart of man. Virtue flies before vice, and universal crime and disorder usurps the place of law.

And now the mold of clay is broken, and the bell appears glittering with brightest light as a golden star. Concord shall reign over men, and to signify that her's is a perpetual mission of peace, she shall be called *Concord*:

"Und dies sei fortan ihr Beruf,
Wozu der Meister sie ershuf;
Hoch ueberm niedern Erdenleben
Soll sie im blauen Himmelszelt,
Die Nachbarin des Donners schweben
Und grenzen an die Sternenwelt.

"May she the destined glory win
For which the master sought to frame her—
Aloft—(all earth's existence under),
In 'blue-pavilion'd heaven afar,
To dwell, the neighbor of the Thunder,
The Borderer of the star!"

"Jetzo mit der Kraft des Stranges
 Wiegt die Glocke aus der Gruft,
 Dass sie in das Reich des Klanges
 Steige in die Himmelsluft!
 Ziehet, ziehet, hebt!
 Sie bewegt sich, schwebt!
 Freude dieser Stadt bedeute,
 Friede sei ihr erst Gelaeute!"

"Slowly now the cords upheave her!
 From her earth-grave soars the bell;
 Mid the airs of heaven we leave her,
 In the music-realm to dwell.
 Up—upwards—yet raise—
 She has risen—she sways.
 Fair bell to our city bode joy and increase;
 And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to PEACE!"

FELIX DIDIER, '04.

Reconciled.

IT was Christmas Eve of the year 1193. To one of those picturesque castles that studded the banks of the romantic Rhine, a band of noble knights has just returned from the Holy Land, where they gallantly fought for the common cause of Christendom. To celebrate their coming home they have gathered in the spacious banquet hall and are making merry.

The midnight hour is fast approaching. Still, with unabated zest, the feasting continues, still the dishes rattle as in rapid succession new viands are placed before the feasters. Their hunger seems to be appeased at last, and now the glasses clink as the sparkling wine flows among the princely votaries of Bacchus. Soon the fiery liquid from the sunshine-clad hills of the Rhineland begins to take effect. Their spirits rise, and the conversation becomes animated.

On a sudden—high above the rest, a strong voice rises in fierce dispute. There is a lull in the merry

jesting and clinking of glasses. A fierce quarrel has arisen between an elderly knight and a young nobleman, and now the contention has reached its climax.

With a bound, the youth leaps to his feet, his face glowing with rage. He faces a gray-haired knight, and cries in a voice of wild anger:

"Thou hast spoken falsely, thou hast wronged me," at the same moment drawing his sword.

The old man recoils as if bitten by a serpent, and in a voice that echoes through the castle, he exclaims:

"By St. George and all the saints of knighthood! Must I hear this from my own son?"

He thrusts his sword at the youth. A few passes, and the father, by a dexterous thrust, strikes the son's breast, and he falls to the floor with a moan. The aged murderer now stands petrified with fear; he is sobered, and the blood-stained sword drops from his hand. For a few moments he gazes with hazy eyes upon his victim; then, with a cry of agony, he steps forward as if to throw himself on the prostrate form, but his foot strikes the fatal weapon. His wild glance rests upon it, and the next moment he snatches it from the floor and hurls it through the stained-glass window of the banquet hall. Then he looks again upon the form before him, and, with a piercing shriek, dashes from the ill-starred room.

* * * * *

Years passed and it was again Christmas Eve. The ruinous castle on the banks of the Rhine cast its dark shadow over the quickly flowing river. The silvery beams of the winter moonlight danced on its ripples, and even penetrated into the ruins, lighting up the once gorgeous and dazzling halls with a strange brilliance. The castle's former glory is gone, and the echoes of former days are silent within its walls. However, it is

not wholly abandoned by creatures. In an innermost recess of the ruin, where the rays could not penetrate, a small candle, aided by a smoldering fire, glimmered and flickered through every cranny and crevice, but half dispersing the shadowy gloom.

Near the fire, rendered fantastic by the dancing flames, sat a shriveled form. Its head, whitened by many bitter winters, hung upon the sunken breast, and he seemed buried in deep thought. One hand he held to his head; the other, covered by a black glove, hung helpless at his side. Suddenly he raises his head, and with an effort flings his hands toward heaven, praying aloud in deep anguish:

"O God, forgive! have mercy on a wretched sinner. Forgive, O forgive this cursed fear which sealed my lips! O Almighty Father! how have I been able to live—to exist—these many years at enmity with Thee!"

His voice sank into a moan, and his head fell again upon his breast. A sepulchral silence and gloom covered everything—nothing was heard but the crackling of the dying embers and the deep breathing of the aged man.

A gust of wind through one of the battered windows stirred his hoary locks. It disturbed his reverie, and he broke forth again:

"Cursed be that day on which I murdered my boy, my only child—some phantom ever dogs my weary footsteps! O God, send me a ray of Thy light—Thy mercy! Thy priest! Oh, through Thy infinite goodness, do not let me go before Thy eternal face with this terrible stain upon my soul."

A dark form appeared in the doorway. It was a peasant from the neighboring village, who had noticed the light and made bold to investigate its origin. He stood in the entrance of the hall and eyed the old man with mingled fear and surprise.

The latter addressed him thus: "Good man, I am a poor sinner, and my last hour has come. For the love of God, take pity on me, and call a priest to whom I can unburden my conscience." The peasant was glad to comply with this request.

An hour later he returned with the priest, a young Benedictine from the neighboring monastery. On their entering the hall, the aged stranger turned to them with an effort and exclaimed: "It is true? are you a priest of God!" "Yes, I am, brother," came the response. The recluse arose, and tried to totter toward the door. His strength, however, gave way; and he sank to the ground, "For the love of the Most High, come and hear my confession. Quick, I am dying!" The monk entered, and, kneeling beside the penitent, surveyed the withered features. Suddenly he drew back, and rising, raised his hand to his forehead and muttered: "O God! can it be? Is it really he whom I have sought these many years?" But his agitation was only momentary, and then calming himself, he bent down to hear the dying man's confession. The feeble voice halted and began, again and again. At last in wavering tones, he gasped forth: "In a dispute I murdered my son, and during these long years I feared the sight of men. I wandered without aim, and without hope, till I reached my castle again. I wanted to live in its abandoned halls, and do penance for my sins, and now God calls me from here. Pray God, revered sir, for my forgiveness." He stopped, and his head sank back. The monk bowed his head also; and large tears trickled down his cheeks. Recovering himself, in words broken by emotion, he pronounced the absolution. Then throwing his arms around the penitent he sobbed: "You did not kill your son, father! I am Dodo, your boy, I have forgiven you, and you are also reconciled to God." Radiant joy and

happiness spread over the features of the dying man, as he whispered: "Dodo, my boy! God be praised!" and murmuring, "Jesus, mercy," he breathed his last in the arms of his son.

* * * *

It was fifteen years later. A band of monks crossed the Rhine, and proceeded in solemn procession toward a ruinous castle. Four of their number carried a body, dressed in the habit of a religious, upon a plain plank. Having reached a newly made grave beside an old one, which was covered with a rosebush, they lowered the corpse into its last resting place. A common slab of stone was placed at the head of each grave. On the one was inscribed the word "Father," on the other, the word "Son." On the latter was placed the following epitaph:

"He lived in penance, and in penance died;
He toiled in silence, and e'er lived unknown.
An early sorrow seemed his soul to hide;
His birth, not for cloister but for throne."

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.



In Memoriam.

MONTHS shall roll and sweep away;
Years shall swell the eternal Past!
Time will seize his fleeting prey;
Cares will bear man down at last:
But fast—fast—in my memory locked,
Thy image, friend, all changes mocked.
When pressed by sorrow, when low with pain,
Thou burst like sunbeam through again,
Through night and dreams that sadly dim
My drooping soul with shadows grim.

—M. BODINE, '05.

Of the True Nobleness of Soul.

(A DIALOGUE.)

IN search of a shady clump of trees I had strayed from my path and finally sat down beside a bush. I intended to read, but merely fanned the pages of my book. For whom will the beautiful aspect of nature permit to read for any length of time? Thus giving myself partly to my own thoughts and partly to those of my book, I heard some words of what seemed a very grave discourse, and it did not last long before they who conversed seated themselves on the other side of the bush. I will call them Damocles and Crito.

Damocles: But since ambition is so seductive for the very reason that it bears such a semblance of the excellent and great, and if it is a duty to battle against it just on account of its charms: what is there left wherewith a soul may satiate itself, since it seeks this food above all others?

Crito: I have already told you, and you knew it before, that the striving toward great ends, and their attainment do not stand in need of the reward of honor to quench the thirst of a soul that knows his own excellence.

Damocles: But the approval of such men as you have even now described?

Crito: Seek it! But even if you cannot attain to it, then have courage enough to believe yourself worthy of it.

Damocles: This seeking, this courage—no, it is surely not pride; but it is nevertheless ambition.

Crito: Ambition, if you wish it, according as you take the word. I will tell you what it is: it is nobleness of soul.

Damocles: Nobleness of soul? This term has always sounded like music to me. O let us speak a little about it, Crito!

Crito: Who can speak about it without enthusiasm? And we will readily do it with philosophical indifference, as I believe.

Damocles: Both. But with the latter principally. and when we cannot restrain ourselves any longer, with enthusiasm.

Crito: This nobleness is not only the conscious feeling of a great soul which she possesses in herself, but it shows itself in many actions which demand an extraordinary denial of self, but principally in the subjection of ambition, not of pride (which would be a small victory for her) and that irascibility, which has its foundation in the nicest exactions of ambition.

Damocles: But nevertheless, (for I tremble to leave to myself any trace of ambition) this nobleness seems to me to be a daughter of ambition.

Crito: A wise daughter of a passionate and often extravagant mother.

Damocles: Do you think you know my friend Philemon as well as I myself?

Crito: I beg *our* friend Philemon's pardon. But I admit it took years until I knew him thoroughly. For there is now no man in existence who is so far advanced as to hinder others from unmasking his character.

Damocles: And what more have you to say of him?

Crito: That without him I would have no distinct idea of the nobleness of soul.

Damocles: That is saying very much of him.

Crito: It is saying sufficient, but not too much. I believe you could incite me to anger today, notwithstanding my claim that my friends cannot do so. Do you know him, then?

Damocles: Speak on, I am anxious to see you angry.

Crito: Did he not always despise those petty distinctions and look upon those greater honors as means for great ends? Did he ever avenge himself by meeting those whom he esteemed with the same treatment, when they refused him their applause; it being as much in his power as in that of anyone to humiliate them in a most refined manner. Has he not always remained an impartial judge of their merits? Has he ever (thus learn to know him!) represented to himself in a vivid manner the triumph of this extraordinary impartiality? Do you know him now?

Damocles: Now I have—

Crito: Wait, I have still more to say. He never avenged himself on those whom he had no reason to esteem, and who were frail enough to provoke him to anger; he did not even take revenge when they deemed his silence and his undisturbed demeanor a weakness; and where is there a more intense provocation to anger than in this?

Damocles: I feel very much irritated when I think of this provocation.

Crito: And our Philemon is burning to overcome it. And he does so.

Damocles: That is much, very much, my dear friend. I feel dizzy to look at him in his height.

Crito: Yes, it is much. To overcome many other passions, greatness is necessary; but this last is nobleness of soul.

Damocles: Did he have to struggle long with himself?

Crito: A soul like his is constantly wrestling with itself. You know his impetuous vivacity. It does not blaze, it glows. And then that mild character, that is the continual victory over self.

Damocles: I cannot withhold any longer, I have

now led you on to the point where I wished to take you. You have described Philemon and yourself very accurately.

Crito: Myself? I did not think of myself. But believe me, when I can once say: I am like Philemon; then I will tell you, if you know me and will not say that I am vain. But let us speak of something else.

Damocles: You vain? You, who despise to be honored, and who permits ambition in himself only in so far as it will serve as a means to great ends?

Translated from KLOPSTOCK.

The Holy Night.

TELL me whence this brilliant light,
Which brights the heavens on this night?

Lo, see you not the star on high
Which now is poised yon hut so nigh?

Wherein is born in lowly state
The Son of God, the Savior of the world,
By Adam into sin so deeply hurled.

Oh, see the angels, how elate!

Behold the voices drawing near!
The shepherds fall in gladsome fear.
"Glory to God on high", they sing.
Let voices now in triumph ring,
"On earth to men now may there be
Sweet peace to those that bear good will".
In wonder shepherds follow till
Thy holy hut all bright they see.

Within, what sight is it they see,
That lights their hearts with ecstasy?
Oh, blessed sight, how favored they
That kneel adoring, offerings lay
At feet of Him, whom Mary bore,
The God-child, Jesus Christ, the King:
While angel choirs round Him ring,
And hosts his majesty adore.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.

Forgotten.

ONE morning, some years ago, a young man entered the office of one of the great iron foundries near the city of Limburg and asked for employment. He was accepted and immediately entered upon his duties as a common workman. Being of a quiet disposition and unskilled in his work, the men often laughed and sneered at him, and in derision called him the "gentleman!"

The young man was not irritated by the ill conduct of the laborers toward him, but in his usual manner greeted them politely. For these qualities Director Holp often praised Werden, and for his application to work even offered him a place in the office, a favor which the man declined. "I want to work," he said, and, muttering between his teeth, "in order that I may forget." The director shook his head and left him to his will. The example of Werden had a good effect in the department where he worked. Some of the men who used to murmur now tried to imitate him. They saw that Werden had not been accustomed to such hard work, and when they asked him about his past life, he politely refused to tell it to them. Occasionally they tried to persuade him to go into the saloons, but he refused, and having finished his work, went to his home, where he lived happily with his wife and child.

Among the workers was one with whom the director had very much trouble. Not only because he was very fond of the bottle, but also because he endeavored to raise dissensions among the laborers.

"Fink," Mr. Holp would often say to him, "take care, for this will lead to a bad end."

"That's my business, and does not concern anyone," retorted Fink. On the day before Christmas the catas-

trophe happened. Fink came to the factory intoxicated, and Holp now threatened him with expulsion. In the heat of passion Fink took a heavy hammer and swung it right and left, attempting to strike the director. Werden, however, happened to be near and came to the rescue of Holp, and thereby prevented a fatal result. Fink was expelled the same day.

* * * *

The palatial home of Mr. K—, the owner of the foundry, was brilliant with lights. In one of the rooms stood a Christmas tree, beautifully decorated. The proprietor was gazing intently at his children, who had just received their presents. He was thinking how they would one day repay him for all his kindness and love. If they would not be more dutiful children, thought he, than his eldest daughter, whom, a few years ago, he had driven from home, together with a young man, a certain Rosmer, who had gained her heart, his life would be a miserable one. He murmured between his teeth: "Cursed be the hour I gave entrance into my house to that fellow who robbed me of my daughter. He wanted my money more than the hand of my daughter." But herein the father was deceived. What was left to him after he had driven both from his house?

While he was thus occupied with his thoughts, a servant entered and informed him that some one wished to see him. "Tell the gentleman that I will come immediately." He went to the parlor and to his surprise met the director of his factory. "What brings you here at so late an hour?"

Holp answered: "It is an urgent affair that brought me here, and it must be righted as soon as possible."

"What has happened?"

"I suppose you do not know that we discharged a workman today for drunkenness. After the work, when I was on the road toward home, accompanied by a young man, that fellow, a certain Fink, attacked me with these words: "I have you now, you rascal." He carried a big knife in his right. He swung it upon me and it would have struck me, had not Werden, my companion, jumped between us. The latter received a severe wound in the side. The assailant escaped. I at once called for help, and then carried the unconscious Werden to his home."

"O God, how could such a thing happen on this holy evening," exclaimed the proprietor.

"Yes, this is deplorable, but the worst is yet to come. For the wife of this man suffers from an attack of fever, and is now at the point of death."

"Let us go at once and help these poor people in every way possible."

The two proceeded to the house of Werden and arriving there, a door opened, and a man with a lantern came out. It was the doctor. The proprietor greeted him and asked: "How is the wounded man?"

"He just died," was the reply.

Mr. K— desired to be taken into the room. The doctor opened a side-door and they entered. It was a small, neat room, with everything in perfect order. In the center of a table stood a small Christmas tree, the lights of which were not yet lit. "Here he lies," said the doctor. "We carried him here in order not to frighten his wife, who lies in the next room in a serious condition. A Sister of Mercy is attending her."

The proprietor approached nearer and looked into the countenance of the dead man. The next moment he fell back and exclaimed: "This man is Rosmer!" The doctor and Holp were greatly astonished, for

they did not divine the meaning of this utterance. Mr. K— recovered his composure and seized the arm of the doctor.

“Doctor, lead me immediately to— to— my daughter!”

“Mr. —”

But he had already opened the next door and there he knelt before the bed upon which lay his daughter. “Ella, my dear Ella!” he sobbed.

The sister entered with a light and then he looked upon the pale face of the woman.

“She is suffering from a fever,” said the sister.

Then the woman turned her face slowly, and thinking it was her husband who knelt before her bed, she said: “Max, light the Christmas candles for our little Pauline. You are tired, but have patience; papa will soon learn that you can work and then he will forget everything and come to us—”

“Ella, my Ella, papa is already here with you,” sighed Mr. K—.

The woman quickly raised herself and looked at him with fixed eyes.

“Yes— you are here, papa!” she cried convulsively.

“Ella, my girl, everything will be forgotten,” said the father, and kissed his suffering child.

“Papa, I knew you were good. When Max comes home now, then call him your son. He is so good. We have borne much trouble and misery together. But— now he has shown that he can work, and you will forget—”

Mr. K— could only nod and press her hand.

“Papa, bring me my little Pauline,” she whispered.

The sister took the child, only two years old, from its little bed and brought it to her. She kissed it fervently.

"Papa, here is your grandchild. Be good to him—"

Then she returned the little boy to the sister. "Papa," she whispered again, "greet Max, tell him you have— forgotten. We shall see each other again in heaven, and there celebrate Christmas. Be good to Max."

She lowered her head—her spirit had flown.

C. KLOETERS, '07.



The Crib.

AROUND Thy crib, O holy Child,
We cluster with delight
To ponder o'er Thy virtues mild,
To crave for aid and light.

The stable, manger, all proclaim
Thy lowliness so deep;
Destroy our baneful love of fame,
Our hearts e'er humble keep.

Love's glowing furnace e'er consumes
Thy gentle, sacred heart.
Purge out our love to earthly fumes,
A share of thine impart.

Here at the manger we behold
Thy virtues, radiant flowers;
To price these higher, O Lord, than gold
Assist us by Thy power.

That peace which Thou to earth didst bring
On that first Christmas day,
O may it to our spirits cling,
And with us stay for aye.

F. WACHENDORFER, '05.

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Editorials.

TO all our readers and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We cannot begin to enumerate all the good things which we would desire Santa Claus to bless you with, but, kind friends, when you accept this simple greeting, do not be selfish with yourselves. Take it and endow it with every conceivable good; enrich it with every possible blessing in its choicest and purest form, and you will have the greeting as we wish it to you—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

IN this number appear the three successful prize stories of the contest which we announced for the Christmas number. The decision has been made only after careful study of the different compositions, and by, we think, competent judges. It has been judged wiser to award the equivalent value of the prizes in books instead of money. The choice of the books, however, is left to each individual prize-winner, and hence should be more highly appreciated, and should prove more beneficial to the student of literary aspirations than cold cash.

We were somewhat disappointed when the contest closed, and revealed so few manuscripts, signed by still fewer students of recognized abilities. Many, no doubt, were deterred from competing owing to the fact that as the staff members were likewise permitted to compete, they reasoned that their own mediocre compositions would not compare favorably with those of more practiced writers. However, it had been expressly announced that only one of the three prizes would be open to the members of the staff. Many again were constrained to remain passive to all inducements, from no other motives than those of a lack of self-confidence, and what is far more to be deprecated—indifference. For the prize-winners and other contestants we have nothing but praise, and let them feel confident that all their efforts in this direction will eventually recompense them a hundred-fold.



FOR years past it has been a matter of much regret to Catholics to notice the extremely slow growth of the Catholic University at Washington. Opened under the auspices of the American hierarchy, and with the approval of the Pope, it was thought that students would flock to it from all parts of the United

States. There could be no question of the desirability of a home for higher Catholic education, where the Catholic youth might hope to imbibe the highest ideals in a Catholic atmosphere, and be offered all the advantages of the non-Catholic schools in the land, without their attendant disadvantages.

Whatever may have been the cause that retarded the growth of the University, the fact is as regrettable as it is humiliating, and it is a matter of congratulation that the people seem to have realized it at last. Acting upon the appeal of Pope Pius, the Catholic press has earnestly and unanimously urged the support of the University, at the same time predicting a glorious future. Even the college journals have treated the matter, and since the hopes of so many students all over the land are centered in it, we too, may well be permitted to give expression to our desire that the appeal of the Pope will be heeded, and the University receive the enthusiastic support, which is needed to make it a success financially and educationally.



Christmas.

NO other time of the year exerts a more delightful spell on the mind, and brings with it more joy and unalloyed happiness than the Christmas season and its memories. This holy season clothes everything with a subtle charm. At other times of the year we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature, but the Christmas season is eminently a feast of the heart and of the home. There is a tender tone of solemn and sacred feeling, which blends even with our merry-making, and lifts our minds to a state of hallowed enjoyment. During this season, the divine service of the Church is extremely

impressive and inspiring; it dwells in particular on that beautiful story told long ago by the prophet Isaias: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. For a child is born to us; and a Savior is given to us; and the government is upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God, the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." With each recurring Christmas we see that "great light" spoken of by the prophet of old, and seen by the shepherds of Bethlehem, when it suddenly burst upon them at midnight, and the country around about was resplendent with the glory that shone from heaven; while amid the silence of the starry night a song resounded such as no human ear had till then ever heard. The words of that song of the angels were surpassingly beautiful and soothing: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Glory be to God, peace on earth, and good will to men, are jubilant strains that fill our churches with triumphant harmony on Christmas day, and transport us to regions inhabited by the blessed spirits. Is it a wonder then that Christmas day should transform us into quite other beings of love and good will, that it should retain its hold on every Catholic and almost every Protestant heart, when it is duly considered what a holy and memorable event of mercy and goodness is commemorated?

Christmas is annually becoming more and more a universal feast day for all nations. But this high appreciation of Christmas day was not always so. Although it may seem incredible, yet it is a fact that not so many years ago Christmas was considered a superstitious festival and was suppressed by the strong hand of the law. Holly and mistletoe were destroyed, and were called the plants of the "evil one." When Oliver Cromwell was Protector, he forbade all the

principal towns in England to observe Christmas, as he considered it a harmful custom. A yet stricter law he enforced, that the people might forget Christmas, ordering all markets to be held on December 25. But our Christmas rejoices in perfect freedom of worship and jubilation. We are free to show our love for our Infant Creator and Redeemer unrestrained, and our good will to his creatures—our brothers and sisters. Let us then “honor Christmas in our hearts and try to keep it all the year.” Let us again be children, with children’s love and innocence, and be like its mighty Founder, who was a child Himself.

F. DIDIER, '04.

Exchanges.

THE fanciful cover of the *Fleur de Lis* conjured up in our mind visions of delightful reading—visions in which we indulged to the fullest, despite the warnings of some ex-men on the deceptive character of the cover. In the present instance our anticipations were fully realized, and we do not hesitate to say that the November number of the *Fleur de Lis* easily sustains the reputation of the past year. “Afrasiah” we enjoyed as we have enjoyed no other story this year. The author is a little prosaic at times, but in narrating the story, in drawing his characters, he is, in our opinion, strikingly true to the age of which he writes. Poetry seem to have its devotees among the contributors to the *Fleur de Lis*, devotees, too, with no mean ability. “The City of Tombs” is a bit of verse which merits more than passing notice. The editorials, as such, are wanting in force, but they contain some very beautiful thoughts.

The November issue of the *St. John's Collegian* could well be proposed as a model to many journals

which number their existence by more years than does the *Collegian* by months. All the articles attest great literary ability, and lead us to believe that this journal is destined to take a high place in college journalism. "My New Curate" is, without doubt, the best of the articles. We quite agree with the writer in his concluding remarks. To those who are afflicted with that nauseating habit of "everlasting kicking" we would recommend a careful perusal of the editorial anent "The Chronic Kicker." A fault to be found with the *Collegian* is the obscurity of several sentences, resulting from a bad arrangement. Careful revision will do away with such errors. You have received most of the degrees of our society, Brother *Collegian*, why not take the last degree by establishing an Exchange column?

A long delinquent journal, *The Laurel*, has again gladdened our sanctum with its presence. Judging from the December issue, we would say that its absence has not been owing to any dearth of literary activity. "Mirabeau and His Eloquence" we read with keen interest. In the writer of "Is Unionism Carried to Extremes?" the union man has an advocate with some real arguments to back his position. The quality of *The Laurel's* is quite fair, but the quantity might with propriety be increased. But where is thy fiction, *Laurel*? Surely, a little more attention to this branch of letters which is at present enjoying so great popularity would not defile thy pages.

We were congratulating ourselves on the appearance of a new face in the journalistic world, and were framing all manner of nice things to say about it, when we discovered that it was our old friend, *The Xavier*. Our bulky companion of last year has cast off many of his pages, but the cream of his articles he still retains. In his article on "The Sea Poetry of England,"

Mr. McCormick has given us a fair estimate of how far sea poetry has entered into English literature. "A Tale of Merford" is a charming piece of verse. "Captain Landry's Cowardice" is up to the standard of fiction set by college journals. The editorials will amply repay one for the time spent in their perusal.

With genuine pleasure do we acknowledge the regularity of the *Young People's* visit. Though written expressly for those who are not yet weaned from their love of the marvelous, the *Young People* may be read with profit as well as diversion by the "dignified" senior. At present a serial by Father Copus, S. J., and other short stories make this journal—what it has been from the very start—the most popular of our Catholic Juvenile papers.

To all our exchanges we extend the greeting of a Merry Christmas, and may the peace and joy of Yuletide reign in every sanctum. R. J. HALPIN, '05.



Alumni Notes.

FRIDAY, Saturday and Sunday, December 18-20, were days of solemnity at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. Six members of the class of 1900 were raised to the sub-deaconate and deaconate: the Revs. Theodore Sauer, Ildephonse Rapp, Vitus Schuette, Cantus Faist, Pius Kanney, and Ambrose Dowd. Six members of the class of 1901 received the tonsure: Messrs. Leander Linz, Titus Kramer, Cyril Mohr, Sixtus Meyer, Ernest Hefeale and Hubert Seiferle. The orders were administered by Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., Coadjutor Archbishop of Cincinnati.

On Sunday evening, December 20, the students entertained the Archbishop by the rendition of the following select literary program:

1. "Ecce Sacerdos".....Choir
2. Introductory.....Mr. Cyril Mohr, '01
3. Essay: "St. Augustine and Tertullian; A Study in
Patrology".....Mr. Ernest Hefele, '01
4. Serenade Orchestra
5. Essay: "De Dignitate Sacerdotii",
Sylvester Hartmann, '02
6. Hymn, J. Henkel.....Choir
7. Essay: "The Catholic Church in the United States",
Titus F. Kramer, '01
8. "Die Schule de Kreuzes", composed by Rev. Vitus
A. Schuette, '00, and delivered by Alexius Schuette, '03
9. "Hector's Death." selection from the Iliad,
M. B. Koester, '01
10. Selection Orchestra

After the program the Archbishop addressed the students at some length. We are informed that the program was very creditable. Mr. Hartman's essay and Rev. V. Schuette's poem were commendable for their excellence of composition, and Mr. Koester's selection for animated delivery. Our congratulations to all the students and especially the newly ordained deacons.



Personals.

DURING the last month the following persons visited St. Joseph's: Very Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S., Carthage, O.; Rev. John Bleckman, and Rev. William Miller, Michigan City, Ind.

Mr. Anthony Schumacher, Kalida, O., brother to Matthew Schumacher; Mr. Henry Hoerstman, '03, of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O., came to visit his brother Bernard Hoerstman, and accompanied him home to spend the holidays.

Rev. Julius Seinmetz, Peru, Ind.; Rev. George Hoerstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. John Dempsey, Crawfordsville, Ind., spent Thanksgiving with us. Also the following:

Mr. John Hasser, Fowler, Ind.; Mr. George Diefenbach, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Howard Muhler, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. A. Junk, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Peter Thom, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. James Burke, Peru, Ind.; Misses Mary and Elizabeth Ruppert, Reynolds, Ind.

On the feast of St. Francis Xavier we were delighted to entertain Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. PP. S., Minster, O., formerly professor at the college. Father Eugene delivered the sermon during the solemn High Mass celebrated by Rev. John Berg, of Remington, Ind., assisted by Rev. George Hoerstman, of Reynolds, Ind., as deacon, Rev. Julian Meyer, C. PP. S., as sub-deacon, and Rev. Simon Kuhnmuensch, C. PP. S., as master of ceremonies.

A. J., '05.



With Publishers.

Carroll Dare, by M. T. Waggaman, is a new story which upholds the reputation of the author. As in all her other stories, the plot is well developed. Character sketches and descriptions are judiciously intermingled. They never extend into wearisome relations of details, but serve to explain the actions of the various personages, and advance the interest of the story.

Carroll Dare, the hero, is especially well depicted. He is represented as an inexperienced but heroic youth. His demeanor in the perilous plights prepared for him by a certain Jaques de Montfort, as also by his own imprudence, is quite well in harmony with his disposition as represented.

It is a well-told story, interesting, wholesome, and instructive, which cannot fail to charm as well as benefit. Published by Benziger Bros., New York and Cincinnati. Price, \$1.25.

Visits to Jesus. The pious souls of the Blessed Sacrament are again favored with a devotional

book for their sacred visits. It is compiled by the author of "Avis Spirituels", and is elegantly translated by Grace McAuliffe.

Aside from the Holy Mass, Communion, and Indulgence prayers, the Visits of Jesus contains a series of thirty-three practical reflections and adorations concluded by a Loving Request and Spiritual Communion. It also contains the commonest Anthems and hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin. We especially recommend this spiritual bouquet for its power to enkindle sincere sentiments of love, gratitude, and sympathy towards the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 75 cents.



Thanksgiving.

THE Thanksgiving program of the Columbian Literary Society was a departure from the usual custom of rendering a complete drama. The evening's entertainment consisted mainly of selections from Shakespeare's plays. The scenes were chosen both with regard to the facilities offered by them for elocutionary talent, and for the pleasantries and dramatic action which never fail to delight an audience on account of their natural expressiveness.

The first scene was the church-yard scene from Hamlet, impersonated by—

M. Ehleringer	Hamlet
V. Meagher.....	Horatio
E. Lonsway.....	1st Clown
E. Pryor.....	2d Clown

Mr. Ehleringer appeared in a new role, his former roles being mostly in a more vehement line. But this did not deter him from rendering his part in a very creditable manner. Mr. Meagher and the clowns also brought out their lines very effectively.

Act I., Scene 2, of Julius Cæsar followed with the following cast:

Marullus.....	J. Steinbrunner
Flavius.....	M. Bodine
1st Commoner.....	A. Linneman
2d Commoner.....	M. Schwieterman

In criticising this scene it would be hard to determine "best" and "worst." All parts were well interpreted, especially so those of Marullus and the Second Commoner, Mr. Schwieterman; the latter acting with his usual effective drollery.

The scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act I., Scene 2) was the best of the evening, and was rendered by a well selected cast.

Quince.....	L. Monahan
Bottom.....	E. Freiburger
Flute.....	N. Keller
Starvelling.....	A. Sutter
Snout.....	I. Collins
Snug.....	J. Seinmetz

All played their parts well, making the scene very enjoyable. Mr. Freiburger and Mr. Monahan delivered their parts with good effect, especially so the former, whose interpretation was very nearly perfect.

An act from the Latin Poet Plautus' *Captivi* was then produced with some applause. It was to all appearances well received and deserving of credit. Following were the impersonators:

Lorarius.....	A. Koenig
Ergasilus, Parasitus.....	I. Wagner
Hegio, Senex.....	F. Didier

The acting of Mr. Didier and Mr. Wagner was much admired.

The evening's program was closed by humorous selection entitled, "The One-Legged Goose," which was delivered with much applause by Mr. E. Lonsway.

The program was interspersed by several good musical selections.

Societies.

A. L. S. The Aloysians gave us a rare literary treat in the rendition of a program Sunday evening, December 20.

1. Music, "Czarina".....Band
2. Recitation, "Christmas Eve".....J. Boland
3. "The Orphan's Dying Prayer".....Geo. Oleyer
4. Music, "The King's Three Daughters," Song.
5. Recitation, "Mona's Waters".....Frank Rainey
6. Debate—"Resolved, That the loss of sight is greater
than the loss of hearing",
Aff., L. Huelsman; Neg., J. Donahue
7. Music, "Gypsy Dance".....Quartette
8. Society Paper, "The Aloysian".....Editor L. Nageleisen
9. Song, "Home".....H. Fuertges, Acc. by O. Knapke
10. Afterpiece in Two Acts, by Messrs. Paul Miller, Paul
Gase, Peter Peiffer, Peter Caesar, Ed. Neumeier,
Martin Lang and Joseph Miller.

The parts were all well memorized and delivered with great success, making the program a real pleasure for the audience. Master Boland's recitation was well in keeping with the tenor of his selection, and merited all the praise that was bestowed upon it. The same can be said of G. Oleyer's Declamation. Mr. Rainey's masterly stage position and ease of manner and gesture gained the audience at the start. His rendition was perfectly in accordance with the rules of elocution, and, with the special grace and charm of personality added, showed the master of the art. The Aloysians may justly be proud to claim him as one of their members. We would be pleased to hear more of the gentleman. The Afterpiece was full of life and action, showing thorough preparation. All the participants acted naturally and "suited their action to the word." We would be glad to see the Aloysians in a more pretentious literary effort in the form of a drama.

Gleanings.

Be on time January 6th, 1904.

"What you cookin' dat smells so nice!"

A box containing can openers addressed to Tom Quinlin, made its appearance not long ago.

Fitz dreamt of "oysters" lately after an oyster supper.

J. Bryan: "When did Teddy make a hit?"

O'Donnell: "When he slapped Herbert Gallagher on his wrists."

Every Sunday most of the boys take a stroll for exercise, while Nickie Allgeier stays at home and writes his exercises.

M. O'Connor having swallowed several uncracked nuts went about for several days bending and bowing to everything he met. Being asked the nature of his affliction, he huskily replied: "I'm trying to crack those nuts." (He had been reading "Ezra K.")

The R. S. C. hereby wish to extend their sincere thanks and heartfelt appreciation for a delicious box of William Penn cigars, recently presented to the club by P. Clemens.

B. B. Z. "Did you ever saw a team of oxes?"

Matthew appeared in class with his neck neatly bandaged—

E. P.: "What ails your neck, Matthew?"

Matthew (struggling between life and death): "I'm sleepy."

Thursday, December 10, the R. S. C. held their tri-monthly meeting, and after a pithy speech on various topics by our highly esteemed President, "Bob", the club proceeded to proclaiming officers. The outcome of the election proved E. Lonsway President and M. O'Connor, Secretary, Treasurer, and Marshal.

"Put out the lights, Mr. Prefect, I'm in bed," with a frown on his face, Doc slyly said. "Please do, brother; please, we all implore," chimed in several

others who began to snore. The clock struck twelve, partakers in farce awoke, their program they opened with a delicious smoke; but lo! the Prefect is standing at the door. "Get out, dear boys, kneel on the floor!" For two long hours they knelt, and for all, Tim promised, "I'll be a good boy."

It only drizzles when the apertures in the clouds are not large enough for rain proper.

"Look at the mosquitoes in the study-hall. Let's make them get with our stogies."

Toby and Bro. Bill, after a day's work around the new boiler, have just received their supper which the former had ordered.

Toby: "I know where some tables are with some neat white cloths."

Bill: "Very good! Where are they?"

Toby: "In the students' new recreation hall."

Bill: "There's where we go" (lifting the basket and starting for the door).

Toby: "*Hup! hup! hup!* Not so fast. No brothers admitted."

Bill: "Pshaw! I could have ejaculated that."

Recently Urban was seen with a more than usual melancholy grin above his chin. Ben asked him what was the cause of the change of his facial lines.

Urban: "I was just deploring the work left undone on the *wood pile* by some jealous person who perceived I could make more saw-dust and split more wood than he."

Logic: "What is of endless extension is long. John is not of endless extension."

Ergo: "John is short."

Mr. Hoodle, voraciously gormandizing the contents of his Christmas box, was discovered by Mr. Billiwink, who accosted him, saying: "Well how goes it?" Hoodle, not wishing to entertain guests, replied: "It all goes between the teeth."

Fidelis: "Camillus, can you prove to me that the palace of Priam was a saloon?"

Camillus, scratched his head and gave utterance to the following syllogism: "On Sundays saloons are entered around the back way. Andromache entered the palace of Priam on a Sunday by means of a postern."

Ergo: "Andromache entered a saloon."

Richard: "Economy am the word. Save heat and smoke the meat."

Editor Mcagher's announcement of his new Columbian paper: "Most honorable auditors, please lend me your ears and bless me with your attention. Before proceeding, I would impress upon your minds that this paper is not to diffuse knowledge of magnificent proportions, but is a sure cure for all kinds of aches of whatever size. It may fall below in excellence the immortal classics of Greece and Rome, but in its powers to reach the four corners of this hall it is unequaled."

Matthew: "I am going to write a popular work on *Talkativeness*."

Emil: "I would not know of a person more competent."

Jocko says he won't live all his life-time.

Cæsar: "Why not?"

Jocko: "Life is a slow death."

The Art Studio is now filled with some very natural artists. Life-size pictures, true to nature, a specialty. *A—crow—bats.*

A BIOGRAPHY.

He was irretrievably dead. Who could think that he could have died? So used to life! But he ignored the main principle concerning breath: he forgot to keep it. His spirit was gone,—it had been going for many days, so that did not matter much. No tear was shed, not one highly starched linen collar was spoiled by the outburst of grief. Still he was on the

other side of the Jordan. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Yes, the clamorous old pup had gone to the happy hunting grounds. "Dewey" opened his eyes to the light of this semi-wondrous world on the 4th of May, 1898 at 7:32 P. M. (We think this is the right date, but since this is the only official and authentic record, we give it, so conflict of opinion may be avoided.) But he was yet an unclaimed whelp without a name. He was soon admitted to the canine department of our menagerie. His waggish humor and lively disposition attracted the attention of Gen. "Waldi," who undertook to introduce him to the august "Bismarck", minister of the Interior in Utopia (a good-sized leg of mutton with the bone in it). Having shown his bravery in many ways, especially in subduing the independent cat kingdom, he was duly admitted into the Royal Order of the Bath. But now another high-born, blue-blooded, aristocratic hound put in his appearance. This discomfited "Dewey," and he attempted to combat him, but not knowing that it was "Rex," he lost his position and died. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The interior cause of his sickness is not known. The exterior cause of his death is an aggravated case of "*plumbum cerebrum injectum.*" His character was governed by the Stoic in time of punishment and famine, by the Epicurean in time of plenty.

HIS AUTO-EPITAPH.

B lessed was my name
 U ntil I got too tame
 M ore rabbits to get
 P laced on master's spit.
 Y earning not for fame.

 S ang I, for nights in succession,
 H anging on notes of expression;
 O nly to me it seemed depression
 T hat they called it a howling transgression.

 M ay the immortals avenge my death.
 E xposing him soon to Pluto's breath.